

# THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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## EMMA, THE FOUNDLING,

A TALE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

*Selected for the Ariel from the French of Madam Du Bon.*

To the north of Limagne, in the retirement of a deep, wild valley, lived Roland, once the Squire to a noble knight, the last of his race, and who was slain in battle. From the bloody field where he had seen his master fall, he escaped, inconsolable and heart stricken; exchanged his arms against the frock of a poor peasant, and succeeded in gaining the retreat which we have mentioned. There, in the humble capacity of Goatherd, he hid himself from the world, and tended his flock in solitude. He had lived in his seclusion long enough for the vigor of his limbs to have departed, and his frame to become bowed with age, when one summer evening as he sat beside a small waterfall, former times recurred to him so vividly that the present was entirely forgotten, and the full moon, peering over the opposite cliffs and beaming in his eye, was the first object that recalled his wandering thoughts. He arose, belated in the dews and duskiness of the valley, whistled his flock together and began to drive them homeward. On counting them, however, one was missing: as the few mountaineers that frequented those hills were honest, he was sure that the animal had only strayed. But as she was his only milch-goat, he hurried back in search of her to the steeper parts of the valley. Climbing up the rocks he saw her indeed, but perched on the very verge of the loftiest peak of the whole range. He shouted, but in vain; he flung stones, but his trembling arm could not reach her. Exasperated now, the resolute old man began the toilsome ascent, and pushed on more steadily as the difficulties of the way increased, incensed that the animal never offered to move, but seemed capriciously bent on keeping her station. When he had obtained the summit, exhausted and panting, he pressed forward to seize the goat, when, to his astonishment, he found that she was suckling a naked infant, which, as far as the moonlight allowed him to discover, was of exquisite beauty, and without a single memento near, by which it might be traced to its unnatural owner.—All amaze and pity. Roland raised the child and wrapped it in his bosom: he caressed the goat, who, bounding from rock to rock as he cautiously prosecuted his descent, would still leap to his side as if already attached to the new nursling. Without a thought of the brambles that had torn his feet, nor the wrenches and bruises his old limbs had undergone, the goat-herd made straight for his cottage. There he spread a mat on the ground, and heaped it with dry moss; he laid the infant on the rude couch, and kneeling beside it, bent over his charge with hands closed in prayer, solemnly thanking that providence which had permitted him to frustrate the designs of the wicked, and save from a horrid death the innocent victim thus cruelly exposed. "Bless the Babe," he continued, "I name thee EMMA, in memory of a dear daughter; may some brave cavalier yet punish the traitor who bore thee to that rock and left thee to perish!" That night the

old man's eyes knew no slumber: a countless throng of anticipations and apprehensions occupied his thoughts; he dreaded that the defenceless innocent he had saved would be yet the prey of the secret enemies, if the least hint of her rescue transpired; lamenting then his poverty, once his pride, he regretted that to rear her in safety, he must confine her to seclusion and obscurity. But this course was the only one that offered; and with the first ray of the dawn he arose and kissed the sleeping Emma, then hastening to a distant village beyond the valley, where he exchanged his rustic produce for suitable necessaries for his little companion.

From that time he daily carried her with him to the hills, nor ever for a moment left her out of his sight. The listless hours which he had formerly spent in idle contemplation, now passed jocund by with renovating influence, as he watched the development of her infantine charms. He welcomed her first smile with transport: and when her gentle voice had learned to call him by that affectionate name, Father! the ancient squire would press her to his breast, and with long forgotten emotions, exclaim, "God shield thee, little one! hadst been but a boy! that old Roland might train thee to arms as he trained Count Theobald!"—Twenty times a day, when Emma first strove to walk, he would place her on some grassy spot, and resting himself at a short distance, indulged in rapturous glee her timid tottering step, and the lively haste with which she sprang to his arms the moment he touch'd his outstretched hands. Her inquisitive spirit never wearied his fond patience; and when she would insist on his receiving the flower she had culled, because it pleased her as a beautiful object; and would run back to the cottage, outstripping his steps if he were returning for any thing forgotten, and with delight, save him a few paces. Her good old preserver found his pains and anxieties repaid. Her docile spirit was ever open to instruction: in her tenderness of heart he foresaw the debt of gratitude fulfilled with affectionate zeal. The desire to oblige seemed a principle of her nature, and even the inanimate things she was accustomed to dwell among, found a place in her heart. Every domestic employment that Roland practised, she early acquired, and in all, endeavored to supercede him. He encouraged her emulous spirit of kindness: but to prevent her to attempting labours beyond her strength, he brought to his cottage, Marda, an ancient and solitary dame, whom no promptings of curiosity or enterprise had ever carried beyond the valley: and from this instructress she soon became familiar with female employments: of these, one was spinning, and to this she gave her leisure hours, while Roland would tell her of the world in which he had once lived, and excite her young wonder with the history of his martial adventures. Roland found her a delighted listener to his tales of war and chivalry: her eye at times would glisten, her bosom heave, and the distaff escape from her fingers as he related the story of deeds of devoted courage and generosity. "O, father!" she would exclaim, "if evil ones

oppress us, will a gallant knight come forward to defend us also?" "Yes, trust me," he would reply: "for Heaven watches over the innocent, and sends guardians to the defenceless."

Their hours flew fast, happily timed with labor and recreation; and the surest serenity and peace were the portion of Emma until her fifteenth year, then Roland began to feel that his term of days was drawing near; the lamp of his life burned dim; his head declined to the earth, and his stiffening limbs could scarcely support him. Roused by the hasty approach of the messenger of separation, he gathered together as it were, the feeble remains of life, and prepared to take a journey to the venerable count de Auvergne, to place his precious charge under a high protection. But, when with scrip and staff, he stood at the threshold, and bade adieu to Emma, though but for a short time, her tears, and imploring entreaties to be permitted to accompany him, or else that he would not think to leave her, exhausted the little strength on which he had vainly calculated. Emma, from whose detaining arms he broke away, with a command that she should not attempt to follow him, continued at the door and watched his departure with streaming eyes. They were the first harsh words he had ever addressed her, and unconscious of having done aught to offend, she wept unrestrainedly at his unlooked for sternness. But ere he had proceeded a hundred paces, he staggered and fell: in an instant she was at his side: "My father! my dear father is hurt: alas! how pale—where art thou wounded?" she cried, but he interrupted her—"Dear Child! do not let me see thee grieve, for I die without pain: ere life departs listen to my last request."—But Emma had flown to search out an aromatic herb whose odour had often revived him when weak and fatigued. The old man thanked her and pressed her hand: "thy sweet herb avails not," said he, "for this is my last hour. O, why did I not commence my journey long ere this? I was going to obtain for thee the protection of the Count de Auvergne, for know, Emma, thou art not my child: no! I found thee, an infant, left on that high rock above the cedar forest. O, Emma! thy graces and innate goodness of heart prove that thou art sprung of gentler blood than that of the brutish serfs and swains. Powerful and interested persons have sought their own benefit in thy destruction—and now that I am taken from thee, thou art without guardian or defence on the face of the earth, and if thou art discovered, must assuredly pay the forfeit of thy innocent life. Then tempt not providence that has given thee here a secure retreat: go not beyond the valley! still call the old pastor thy father, and heaven will yet right thee. Be content and fear not." And with these words his eye closed and his heart ceased to beat.

In breathless surprise & ill-repressed pangs of grief and terror, had Emma heard the strange tale, and had seen the livid hue steal with quick pace over the rigid features that had erst ever been clad with the smile of happy affection. She shrieked and trembled, and recoiled from the grisly corpse, till perceiving

her utter loneliness, she flung herself on the earth beside it, and with loud, impatient cries of sorrow, bewailed her loss. The echo of the hills for a moment deceived her, and turning to discover what sharer of her grief had answered, she found none to console, none to assist. A while she looked fixedly on the dead, striving in vain to retrace the benign expression that used to penetrate her soul, it shone no longer: in its place gleamed a picture of inanition that froze her to behold. Her slender form, like the lily, yielding to the blast, sunk on the turf: and as the faintness in which nature takes refuge from violent emotion, came o'er her, she hoped it was death she felt, that she might not survive her protector. On reviving she found herself in the cottage—Marda was beside her; she had heard her cries and hastening to the spot, had transported her home. Emma refused the homely consolations she offered, and gave herself up to the bitterest weeping. The patient Marda finding her powers of soothing ineffectual, determined at last to save her young friend from further sorrow, and departing, summoned some peasants who performed the last rites to the benevolent hermit.

A fortnight passed, and yet Emma had not once taken her flock to the hills. Full of suspicion and distrust excited by the last words of Roland, she dreaded even in the valley to meet the unnatural relatives who had once attempted her life, and clung the fonder to the recollection of the only generous and kind-hearted being she had known. But while she wept, she had remembered how much he had scorned inaction, how often he had condemned despondence, and she felt that her indulgence in regret wronged his memory. She, therefore, with a strong effort, rose superior to her affliction, returned to her household labors, and took her languishing flock once more to their pastures. There Roland was no more beside her, and her loss recurred to her heart with new force. Still, time abates the violence of grief—and Emma at length became calm if not happy.

One day as she mused on the story of her early exposure, an idle wish arose of climbing to the very spot, and examining it herself. She at once attempted the ascent, and was soon at the remarkable summit. But O, what a scene opened on her unpractised view! From where she stood, the mountains before her covered with thick woods, sloped to a plain. There mingling with the blue distance, was a far stretching city; nearer, a pile of towers embosomed in woods. The plain was furrowed with vale and swell; its fields yellow with the harvest, and small white sails glide swan-like over streams that intersected it in various directions. Then she looked back, down into her own dark, narrow, and stoney valley. "How these prospects differ," she exclaimed, "alas! why cannot I live in the world—it is so beautiful! But I must not"—and sorrowfully she descended and returned to the cottage, but from that day it ever seemed too narrow to hold her heart. Each fine morning she led her flock to the same gray pinnacle, and descending to a small bower on the side, would set and gaze on the objects below. The distant city, its dun red roofs, its gleaming spires and dark walls, perplexed her imagination. The Castle, with its tall towers, banners and massy gates, seen amid the groves of ancient and full foliaged trees, whose dark, heavy verdure was a contrast to the sparingly vested and scanty scions of the mountain, and the gay troops that sometimes flitted across the Castle's drawbridge, were a fine accompaniment to the chivalric histories that dwelt in her memory.

But she loved not the long serpentine streams; they glittered not like the clear cascades of the valley,—and the broad plain wearied her view, save when diversified by the hope and shades of the summer.

Early one morning, that she had remarked some beautiful unknown flowers below her bower, she had ventured to descend to cull them, when a youth, in hunting garb, precipitately crossed her path. Emma uttered an exclamation of surprise, and would have fled, but his words detained her. "Child!" cried he, "I have lost my way—can you not shew me the road to the Chateau de Lormance?" She paused—"I have been residing but a few days at the castle," continued he: "it cannot be far off, but in hunting yesterday I strayed through these woods so heedlessly, that night came on ere I fruitlessly endeavored to retrace my steps: having slept in this grot, the fresh air has given me, in good sooth, a keen appetite: so lead me at least to your father's cottage." "Wait but a moment," cried Emma: and she instantly tripped to her lyric bower, and returned with her small basket of provisions for the stranger, and the favorite of her flock to supply him with a draft of milk. "My father is dead," she now said; "I live alone in his cottage, and until to-day have never descended the mountain even thus far: I cannot be your guide, but from my bower on the cliff you can see a castle in the plain, perhaps the one you seek."

The singular grace and beauty of the peasant girl, and the courtesousness with which she offered her simple meal, strangely interested the young hunter. On her part, Emma gazed as inquisitively, and noted that the stranger was tall and slender, his brows regular as if a care had never ruffled them, his eyes large and dark, and full of soft light; and instead of thin grey hairs over his temples, like Roland's, close, thick curls of a hue as bright as her own, escaped from beneath his hunting cap. There was an enthusiastic fervor in his smile, that scarcely parted his ruddy lips, yet seemed to glow in every feature; and yet a certain serenity of countenance and dignity of mien were perceptible, that tokened the *preux chevalier* in the first dawn of his career, before the long usage of warfare has given him the fierceness of invincible strength, and the practice of the ways of the world lowered his lofty conceptions of his calling. All this formed a combination of beauty of appearance that might well have satisfied the fancy of wiser than Emma. He followed her to the cliff, and having thence ascertained his way homeward, said to her "you are too lovely to remain here, the lonely and desolate being you have confessed yourself: I shall make interest for you with my cousin, the Lady of Vauxel, who will take you into her household. Would you not prefer the shelter of yonder castle, and the presence of an amiable mistress to these bleak hills and your solitary dwelling?" "No," replied Emma "for my foster father bade me ere he died, beware of strangers:" so saying, she darted from his side with the fleetness of the fawn, and was out of sight in a moment.—Though astonished at her having evinced alarm at his generous proposal, the hunter was still more surprised on reflecting on the purity of her language, so unlike the coarse idiom of villagers, and the unwonted elegance of form, clad in such simple apparel. He returned home, but day after day still turned his excursions to the same forest, in the hopes of again missing his companions and once more meeting the wood-nymph.

Meanwhile Emma, between the fears instilled by Roland, and the instinct of the inexperienced heart that replies to every expression

of kindness with its full confidence, remained distracted with varying conjectures, and from that day avoided the passage over the mountain. Averse, however, to indulge the thought that the handsome hunter was a lawless noble, such as she believed had exposed her to destruction, and in whose power she was like the dove in the talons of the eagle, she was one morning lost in reveries on the mossy bank that overhung a slender rivulet, when the water that flashed back the sunlight, reminded her of his bright sparkling eye. What, indeed, is more beautiful than the human eye, melting with pity, yet glowing with the ecstasy of beneficence!

"I have wronged him," cried Emma "surely it was not such as he that my father bade me shun!" "Thou sayest truly," answered the youth who was standing at her side, she started and looked round: she was weeping, but even through her tears could distinguish the affectionate glance of commiseration and kindness that met hers, only a little more vivid than recollection portrayed it. "Thou didst indeed say truly," repeated the youth and took her hand: "Stay! and listen to me! my name is Sir Floristan d'Estrees, and I am sworn to protect the innocent and the oppressed; thy cause will I make mine, if thou wilt tell me by what machinations of the wicked thy youth and loveliness have been thus devoted to humble obscurity. I promise to guard and aid thee on the word of a knight." "A knight art thou" exclaimed Emma "then art thou he for whom I wait! for Roland my foster father often assured me that some knight would deliver me from my enemies. Sit down till I tell thee how I was deserted an outcast from my birth!" Sir Floristan listened to her story with intense interest: he perceived in it the verification of the extravagant fancies that had haunted him, the visions of a lover's brain, and which had already a hundred times painted to the pastoral Emma, as one of noble blood, whose place was filled by some plebeian changeling, or as an unfortunate heiress of the wealth and title, driven from her rights by the nefarious agency of interested villainy. But she had scarcely closed her simple narrative of Roland's fatherly love and care, when the winding of a horn at the entrance of the valley warned the young knight that his companion must be on the very brink of discovering his Emma's retreat: waving his hand to her for farewell, he bounded up the mountain.

(To be concluded.)

**RED SQUIRRELS.**—We some time since gave an account of the unprecedented increase of these little animals on the borders of the St. Lawrence. The Williamstown Advocate of Thursday, states that they recently arrived in troops at that village; and notwithstanding they have been assailed by the boys with every kind of missile, they seem determined to make a permanent settlement. They assert their claims with great earnestness and perseverance; cross every path, and the very threshold of the doors, and perch with every mark of impertinence upon the next post, as if determined to outface the inhabitants of the village.

**BRUTAL.**—The Black Rock Gazette says, some unfeeling boys, a short time since threw a dog into the rapids above the Niagara Falls, and he was carried over the precipice. The animal was discovered yet alive, and he succeeded in making the shore with but a slight injury in one of his legs. This is not a little remarkable, inasmuch as that water fowls, such as geese and ducks have never been known to escape destruction when thus precipitated, as they often are, into that frightful abyss.

## THE ROMAN WOMEN.

Among the Romans, a grave and austere people, who, during five hundred years, were unacquainted with the elegancies and pleasures of life, and who, in the middle of furrows and fields of battle, were employed in tillage or in war, the manners of the women were a long time as solemn and severe as those of the men, and without the smallest mixture of corruption, or of weakness.

The time when the Roman women began to appear in public, marks a particular æra in history.

In the infancy of the city, and even until the conquest of Carthage, shut up their houses, where a simple and rustic virtue paid every thing to instinct, and not to elegance—so nearly allied to barbarism, as only to know what it was to be wives and mothers—chaste without apprehending they could be otherwise—tender and affectionate, before they had learned the meaning of the words—occupied in duties, and ignorant that there were other pleasures; they spent their life in retirement, in domestic economy, in nursing their children, and in rearing to the republic a race of laborers, or of soldiers.

The Roman women for many ages, were respected over the whole world. Their victorious husbands re-visited them with transport, at their return from battle. They laid at their feet the spoils of the enemy, and endeared themselves in their eyes, by the wounds which they had received for them and for the state. Those warriors often came from imposing commands upon kings; and in their own houses accounted it an honor to obey. In vain the too rigid laws had made them the arbiters of life and death. More powerful than the laws, the women ruled their judges. In vain the legislature, foreseeing the wants which exist only among a corrupt people, permitted divorce. The indulgence of the polity was proscribed by the manners.

The Roman matrons do not seem to have possessed that military courage which Plutarch has praised in certain Greek and barbarian women: they partook more of the nature of their sex; or, at least, they departed less from its character. Their first quality was decency. Every one knows the story of Cato the censor, who stabbed a Roman senator for kissing his own wife in the presence of his daughter.

To these austere manners, the Roman women joined an enthusiastic love of their country, which discovered itself upon a great many occasions. On the death of Brutus, they all clothed in mourning. In the time of Coriolanus they saved the city. That incensed warrior who had insulted the senate and the priests, and who was superior even to the pride of pardoning, could not resist the tears and entreaties of the women. They melted his obdurate heart. The senate decreed them public thanks, ordered the men to give place to them upon all occasions, caused an altar to be erected for them on the spot where the mother had softened her son, and the wife her husband; and the sex were permitted to add another ornament to their head-dress.

The Roman women saved the city a second time when it was besieged by Brennus. They gave up all their gold as its ransom. For that instance of their generosity, the senate granted them the honor of having funeral orations pronounced in the rostrum, in common with the patriots and heroes.

After the battle of Cannæ, when Rome had no other treasures but the virtues of their citizens, the women sacrificed both their gold and their jewels. A new decree rewarded their zeal.

Valerius Maximus, who lived in the reign of

Tiberius, informs us that, in the second triumvirate, the three assassins who governed Rome, thirsting after gold, no less than blood, and having already practised every species of robbery, and worn out every method of plunder, resolved to tax the women. They imposed a heavy contribution upon each of them. The women sought an orator to defend their cause, but found none. Nobody would reason against those who had the power of life and death. The daughter of the celebrated Hortensius alone appeared. She revived the memory of her father's abilities, and supported with intrepidity her own cause, and that of her sex. The ruffians blushed and revoked their orders.

Hortensia was conducted home in triumph, and had the honor of having given, in one day, an example of courage to men, a pattern of eloquence to women, and a lesson of humanity to tyrants.

But the æra of the talents of women at Rome is to be found under the emperors. Society was then more perfected by opulence, by luxury, by the use and abuse of the arts, and by commerce. Their retirement was then strict; their genius, being more active, was more exerted; their hearts had new wants; the idea of reputation sprung up in their minds; their leisure increased with the division of employments. During upwards of 6 hundred years, the virtues had been found sufficient to please.—They now found it necessary to call in the accomplishments. They were desirous to join admiration to esteem, 'till they learned to exceed esteem itself. For in all countries, in proportion as the love of virtue diminishes, we find the love of talents to increase.

A thousand causes concurred to produce this revolution of manners among the Romans.—The vast inequality of ranks, the enormous fortunes of individuals, the ridicule affixed by the imperial court to moral ideas, all contributed to hasten the period of corruption.

## THE PERSIAN WOMEN.

Several historians, in mentioning the ancient Persians, have dwelt with peculiar severity on the manner in which they treated their women. Jealous, almost to distraction, they confined the whole sex with the strictest attention, and could not bear that the eye of a stranger should behold the beauty whom they adored.

When Mahomet, the great legislator of the modern Persians, was just expiring, the last advice that he gave to his faithful adherents, was, "Be watchful of your religion, and your wives." Hence they pretend to derive not only the power of confining, but also of persuading them, that they hazard their salvation, if they look upon any other man besides their husbands. The Christian religion informs us, that in the other world they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. The religion of Mahomet teaches us a different doctrine, which the Persians believing, carry the jealousy of Asia to the fields of Elysium, and the groves of paradise; where, according to them, the blessed inhabitants have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, lest they should see the wives of their neighbors.

Every circumstance in the Persian history tends to persuade us, that the motive, which induced them to confine their women with so much care and solicitude, was only exuberance of love and affection. In the enjoyment of their smiles, and their embraces, the happiness of the men consisted, and their approbation was an incentive to deeds of glory and of heroism. For these reasons they are said to have been the first who introduced the custom of carrying their wives to the field, "that the sight," said they, "of all that is dear to us, may animate us to fight more valiantly."

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## CHARADES.

My first may be called an Exchange,  
My second's a holder of lands,  
My whole is oft destined to range  
Over deserts and mountains and sands.

My first has been known as an emblem of state  
To bind the intentions of kings;  
'Twill lock up all secrets as firmly as fate  
And secure the most costly of things.

My second's three-fourths of a musical sound  
Not drawn from mechanical power,  
But nature's rich gift which is oftentimes found  
To enliven the sociable hour.

My third is the produce of labor and art,  
Where instinct is strongly displayed;  
When my whole joins my first, or unites but its part,  
A contract is then firmly made.

A solution of the above is required, in poetry.  
G. W.

The Catholic church erecting at Montreal, is said to be the largest building on this continent, and calculated to accommodate 10,000 persons. The front will be adorned by two towers, 200 feet high.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

The late Anniversary of our Independence gave birth, as usual, to many patriotic songs and odes. Many of them were worthy of preservation, and many others, as is common with all temporary productions, will quietly slide into that oblivion which was their original element. Among the multitude of similar effusions which have been written in this country, the ode of Robert Treat Paine, entitled "Adams and Liberty," deservedly stands conspicuous. It was one of the most popular of that unfortunate man's productions. His biographer says—"There was, probably, never a political song more sung in America than this; and one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written: an anecdote deserves notice, respecting one of the best stanzas in it.—Mr. Paine had written all he intended; and being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the Centinel, showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect; as Washington was omitted. The side-board was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself, when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted, in his humorous manner, that he should not slake his thirst, till he had written an additional stanza, in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth a few minutes, and suddenly starting, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterwards making one or two trivial verbal amendments:—  
Should the tempest of war overshadow our land  
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's Temple asunder;  
For unmoved, as its portal, would Washington stand;  
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder.

His sword, from the sleep  
Of its scabbard would leap.  
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.

The sale of this song yielded him a profit of about seven hundred and fifty dollars. It was read by all; and there was scarcely, in New England, a singer that did not sing this song. Nor was its circulation confined to New England; it was sung at theatres, and on public and private occasions, throughout the United States; and republished and applauded in Great Britain."

## ODE—"ADAMS AND LIBERTY."

Ye sons of Columbia who bravely have fought,  
For those rights which unstained from your sires  
had descended,  
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,  
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers de-  
fended.  
Mid the reign of mild peace,  
May your nation increase,  
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;  
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its  
waves.  
In a clime whose rich vales fill the marts of the world,  
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,  
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,  
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.  
But should pirates invade,  
Though in thunder array'd,  
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade;  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway  
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,  
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,  
And enveloped the sun of American glory.  
But let traitors be told,  
Who their country have sold,  
And bartered their God for his image in gold,  
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia, &c.  
While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in  
blood,  
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;  
May peace like the dove, who returned from the flood,  
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.  
But though peace is our aim,  
Yet the boon we disclaim,  
If bought by our sovereignty, justice or fame.  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms;  
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of Collision,  
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,  
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.  
While with patriot pride,  
To our laws we're allied,  
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak;  
Whose roots like our liberties, ages have nourished;  
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,  
Not a tree shall be left on the soil where it flour-  
ished.  
Should invasion impend,  
Every grove would descend,  
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;  
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by  
corrosion;  
Then let clouds thicken round us we heed not the  
storm!  
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own ex-  
plosion.  
Foes assail us in vain,  
Though their fleets bridge the main,  
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder;  
For unmoved, as its portal, would Washington stand,  
And repulse with his breast the assaults of its  
thunder!  
His sword from the sleep,  
Of its scabbard would leap,  
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!  
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia, &c.  
Let fame to the world sound America's voice;  
No intrigues can her sons from their government  
sever;  
Her pride is her Adams; her laws are his choice,  
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.  
Then unite heart and hand,  
Like Leonidas' band,  
And swear to the God of the ocean and land;  
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its  
waves.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

Notice of HOPE LESLIE, or Early Times in the Massa-  
chusetts.

We sat down to the perusal of this Novel  
with a recollection of the pleasure which

"Redwood," from the same pen, had afforded  
us, and we rose with the most favorable im-  
pression of the talents of the fair authoress.  
Hope Leslie is a well written novel. It con-  
tains many powerfully drawn scenes, and is  
distinguished by considerable energy of style,  
and a boldness of thought and conception, in-  
dicating an imagination of the finest order.  
The meed of praise has already been award-  
ed to its accomplished authoress, by a recep-  
tion from the public of the most flattering  
character. She may be said to have taken  
her stand by the side of Cooper, in the yet  
scanty list of successful American novelists.  
The following extract, detailing the attack on  
Mr. Fletcher's house, is a favorable specimen  
of the writer's powers of description.

"All was joy in Mrs. Fletcher's dwelling.  
"My dear mother," said Everell, "it is now  
quite time to look out for father and Hope  
Leslie. I have turned the hour-glass three  
times since dinner, and counted all the sands I  
think. Let us all go on the front portico where  
we can catch the first glimpse of them, as  
they come past the elm-trees. Here, Oneco,"  
he continued, as he saw assent in his mother's  
smile, "help me out with mother's rock-  
ing-chair—rather rough rocking," he added as he  
adjusted the rockers lengthwise with the logs  
that served for the flooring—"but mother won't  
mind trifles just now. Ah! blessed baby  
brother," he continued, taking in his arms the  
beautiful infant—"you shall come too, even  
though you cheat me out of my birthright,  
and get the first embrace from father." Thus  
saying, he placed the laughing infant in his  
go-cart, beside his mother. He then aided  
his little sisters in their arrangement of the  
playthings they had brought forth to welcome  
and astonish Hope; and finally he made an  
elevated position for Faith Leslie, where she  
might, he said, as she ought, catch the first  
glimpse of her sister.

"Thank you, Everell," said the little girl  
as she mounted her pinnacle; "if you knew  
Hope, you would want to see her first too—  
every body loves Hope. We shall always have  
pleasant times when Hope gets here."

It was one of the most beautiful afternoons  
at the close of the month of May. The lag-  
ging spring had at last come forth in all her  
power; her "work of gladness" was finished,  
and forests, fields, and meadows were bright  
with renovated life. The full Connecticut  
swept triumphantly on, as if still exulting in  
its release from the fetters of winter. Every  
gushing rill had the spring-note of joy. The  
meadows were, for the first time, enriched with  
patches of English grain, which the new set-  
tlers had sown, scantily, by way of experiment,  
prudently occupying the greatest portion of  
the rich mould, with the native Indian corn.  
This product of our soil is beautiful in all its  
progress, from the moment, when as now it  
studied the meadow with hillocks, shooting its  
bright-pointed spear from its mother earth, to  
its maturity, when the long golden ear bursts  
from the rustling leaf.

The grounds about Mrs. Fletcher's house  
had been prepared with the neatness of En-  
glish taste; and a rich bed of clover that over-  
spread the lawn immediately before the por-  
tico, already rewarded the industry of the cul-  
tivators. Over this delicate carpet, the do-  
mestic fowls, the first civilized inhabitants of  
the country, of their tribe, were now treading,  
picking their food here and there like dainty  
little epicures.

The scene had also its minstrels; the birds,  
those ministers and worshippers of nature,

were on the wing, filling the air with melody;  
while like diligent little housewives, they ran-  
sacked forest and field for materials for their  
house-keeping.

A mother, encircled by healthful sporting  
children, is always a beautiful spectacle—a  
spectacle that appeals to nature in every hu-  
man breast. Mrs. Fletcher, in obedience to  
matrimonial duty, or, it may be, from some  
lingering of female vanity, had, on this occa-  
sion, attired herself with extraordinary care.  
What woman does not wish to look handsome?  
—in the eyes of her husband.

"Mother," said Everell, putting aside the  
exquisitely fine lace that shaded her cheek,  
"I do not believe you looked more beautiful  
than you do to day when, as I have heard, they  
called you 'the rose of the wilderness'—our  
little Mary's cheek is as round and as bright  
as a peach, but it is not so handsome as yours,  
mother. 'Your heart has sent this color here,'  
he continued, kissing her tenderly—"it seems  
to have come forth to tell us that our father  
is near."

"It would shame me, Everell," replied his  
mother, embracing him with a feeling that the  
proudest drawing-room belle might have envi-  
ed, "to take such flattery from any lips but  
thine."

"Oh do not call it flattery, mother—look,  
Magawisca—for heaven's sake cheer up—look,  
would you know mother's eye? just turn it,  
mother, one minute from that road—and her  
pale cheek too—with this rich color on it?"

"Alas! alas!" replied Magawisca, glancing  
her eyes at Mrs. Fletcher, and then as if heart-  
struck, withdrawing them, "how soon does the  
flush of the setting sun fade from the evening  
cloud."

"Oh Magawisca," said Everell impatiently,  
"why are you so dismal? your voice is too sweet  
for a bird of ill-omen. I shall begin to think  
as Jennet says—though Jennet is no text-book  
for me—I shall begin to think old Nelema  
has really bewitched you."

"You call me a bird of ill-omen," replied  
Magawisca, half proud, half sorrowful, "and  
you call the owl a bird of ill-omen, but we hold  
him sacred—he is our sentinel, and when dan-  
ger is near he cries, awake! awake!"

"Magawisca, you are positively unkind—  
Jeremiah's lamentations on a holiday would  
not be more out of time than your croaking is  
now—the very skies, earth, air seems to par-  
take our joy at father's return, and you only  
make a discord. Do you think if your father  
was near I would not share your joy?"

Tears fell fast from Magawisca's eye, but  
she made no reply, and Mrs. Fletcher obser-  
ving and compassionating her emotion, and  
thinking it probably arose from comparing her  
orphan state to that of the merry children  
about her, called her and said, "Magawisca,  
you are neither a stranger, nor a servant, will  
you not share our joy? Do you not love us?"

"Love you!" she exclaimed, clasping her  
hands, "love you! I would give my life for you."

"We do not ask your life, my good girl,"  
replied Mrs. Fletcher, kindly smiling on her,  
"but a light heart and a cheerful look. A sad  
countenance doth not become this joyful hour.  
Go and help Oneco—he is quite out of breath,  
blowing those soap bubbles for the children."

Oneco smiled, and shook his head, and con-  
tinued to send off one after another of the pris-  
matic globes, and as they rose and floated on  
the air and brightened with the many-colored  
ray, the little girls clapped their hands and  
the baby stretched his to grasp the brilliant  
vapor.

"Oh!" said Magawisca, impetuously cover-  
ing her eyes, "I do not like to see any thing  
so beautiful, pass so quickly away."

Scarcely had she uttered these words, when suddenly, as if the earth had opened on them, three Indian warriors darted from the forest and pealed on the air their horrible yells.

"My father! my father!" burst from the lips of Magawisca and Oneco.

Faith Leslie sprang towards the Indian boy, and clung fast to him—and the children clustered about their mother—she instinctively caught her infant and held it close within her arms as if their ineffectual shelter were a rampart.

Magawisca uttered a cry of agony, and springing forward with her arms uplifted, as if deprecating his approach, she sunk down at her father's feet, and clasping her hands, "save them—save them," she cried, "the mother—the children—oh they are all good—take vengeance on your enemies—but spare—spare our friends—our benefactors—I bleed when they are struck—oh command them to stop!" she screamed, looking to the companions of her father, who unchecked by her cries, were pressing on to their deadly work.

Mononotto was silent and motionless, his eye glanced wildly from Magawisca to Oneco. Magawisca replied to the glance of fire—"yes, they have sheltered us—they have spread the wing of love over us—save them—save them—oh it will be too late," she cried springing from her father, whose silence and fixedness showed that if his better nature rebelled against the work of revenge, there was no relenting of purpose. Magawisca darted before the Indian who was advancing towards Mrs. Fletcher with an uplifted hatchet. "You shall hew me to pieces ere you touch her," she said and planted herself as a shield before her benefactress.

The warrior's obdurate heart untouched by the sight of the helpless mother and her little ones, was thrilled by the courage of the heroic girl—he paused and grimly smiled on her, when his companion, crying, "hasten, the dogs will be on us!" levelled a deadly blow at Mrs. Fletcher—but his uplifted arm was penetrated by a musket shot, and the hatchet fell harmless to the floor.

"Courage, mother!" cried Everell, reloading the piece, but neither courage nor celerity could avail—the second Indian sprang upon him, threw him on the floor, wrested his musket from him, brandishing his tomahawk over his head, he would have aimed the fatal stroke, when a cry from Mononotto arrested his arm.

Everell extricated himself from his grasp, and one hope flashing into his mind, he seized a bugle horn which hung beside the door, and winded it. This was the conventional signal of alarm—and he sent forth a blast—long and loud—a death-cry.

Mrs. Grafton and her attendants were just mounting their horses to return home. Digby listened for a moment—then exclaiming, "it comes from our master's dwelling! ride for your life, Hutton!" he tossed away a handbox that encumbered him, and spurred his horse to its utmost speed.

The alarm was spread through the village, and in a brief space Mr. Pyncheon with six armed men were pressing towards the fatal scene.

In the mean time the tragedy was proceeding at Bethel. Mrs. Fletcher's senses had been stunned with terror. She had neither spoken nor moved after she grasped her infant. Everell's gallant interposition, restored a momentary consciousness;—she screamed to him—"Fly, Everell, my son, fly; for your father's sake, fly."

"Never," he replied, springing to his mother's side.

The savages, always rapid in their move-

ments, were now aware that their safety depended on despatch. "Finish your work, warriors," cried Mononotto. Obedient to the command, and infuriated by his bleeding wound, the Indian, who on receiving the shot, had staggered back, and leaned against the wall, now sprang forward, and tore the infant from its mother's breast. She shrieked, and in that shriek, passed the agony of death. She was unconscious that her son, putting forth strength beyond nature, for a moment kept the Indian at bay; she neither saw nor felt the knife struck at her own heart. She felt not the arms of her defenders, Everell and Magawisca, as they met around her neck. She fainted, and fell to the floor, dragging her impotent protectors with her.

The savage, in his struggle with Everell, had tossed the infant boy to the ground; he fell quite unharmed on the turf at Mononotto's feet. There raising his head, and looking up into the chieftain's face, he probably perceived a gleam of mercy, for with the quick instinct of infancy, that with unerring sagacity directs its appeal, he clasped the naked leg of the savage with one arm, and stretched the other towards him with a piteous supplication, that no words could have expressed.

Mononotto's heart melted within him; he stooped to raise the sweet suppliant, when one of the Mohawks fiercely seized him, tossed him wildly around his head, and dashed him on the door-stone. But the silent prayer, perhaps the celestial inspiration of the innocent creature was not lost. "We have had blood enough," cried Mononotto, "you have well avenged me, brothers."

Then looking at Oneco, who had remained in one corner of the portico, clasping Faith Leslie in his arms, he commanded him to follow him with the child. Everell was torn from the lifeless bodies of his mother and sisters, and dragged into the forest. Magawisca uttered one cry of agony and despair, as she looked, for the last time, on the bloody scene, and then followed her father.

As they passed the boundary of the cleared ground, Mononotto tore from Oneco his English dress, and casting it from him—"Thus perish," he said, "every mark of captivity of my children. Thou shalt return to our forests," he continued, wrapping a skin around him, "with the badge of thy people."

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 11, 1827.

INDIAN LITERATURE.—A work bearing the following title, has just been published in Lewistown, N. Y.

"Sketches of the ancient history of the six nations: comprising, first, a tale of the foundation of the Great Island, now North America, the two infants born, and the creation of the Universe. 2d, a real account of the settlement of North America and their dissensions. 3d, origin of the kingdom of the Five Nations, which was called a Long House; the wars, fierce animals, &c."

The author is an Indian—David Cussick by name, belonging to the Tuscarora tribe. A variety of Indian traditions are inserted, and many interesting particulars which have never before been published. The papers from New York speak of the work as creditable to the talents of the author. We believe it has not yet reached this city.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.—This is the title of a new paper just established in this city, intended, as its name implies, to be the Advocate of the interests of the Mechanics—especially the defence of their rights in what they deem an imposition, by compelling them to labor too many hours in the twenty-four. It is marked by selections and communications calculated to effect the objects desired to be attained, and to improve the con-

dition of the laboring classes, by the promulgation of light and information upon subjects affecting their immediate interest.

THE BIG WALNUT TREE.—The following singular advertisement appeared in the city papers, and succeeded, without doubt, in attracting the desired attention of the public.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD was twice offered in New York, to any person who could discover an artificial joint within the entire circumference of the Big Walnut Tree, now exhibiting in the Masonic Hall, Chestnut street.

The proprietor is daily informed by visitors, that it is currently reported in this city, that the tree is a fabrication. Consequently he now offers the same reward or any other sum not exceeding the Capital of the United States Bank, to any person who will detect and publish any imposition upon the public, in the exhibition of this great Natural Curiosity. The proprietor challenges the strictest investigation and will afford the utmost facility to every one disposed to compete for the great reward.

The fact is, that no man claiming to possess the smallest particle of common sense—after seeing the Tree, could doubt its reality. The utter impossibility of forming a large circle from small circles, without reducing their exterior surface, must be apparent to every one on a moments reflection, and the idea of fabricating a tree ever marked by the hand of nature, as no tree was ever marked before is perfectly ridiculous. So far from the possibility of such an operation is the fact, that the same sum offered above, will be paid for one square foot in all respects corresponding with any square foot of this tree, if it can be performed by any art or a combination of all arts.

### GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

In looking over a number of old Magazines a few days since, we met with the following interesting notice of this beautiful poem of Goldsmith. It is taken originally from an English paper, and we presume it will be read with interest by the many admirers of the poet.

The following particulars relating to this poem are extracted from a letter addressed by Dr. Stream, a clergyman in the diocese of Elphin, to Mr. Mangin, and inserted by that gentleman in his entertaining book called An Essay on Light Reading, cannot fail to gratify that numerous class of readers with whom it has been a favorite from their earliest years.

"The poem of THE DESERTED VILLAGE took its origin from the circumstance of Gen. Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General,) having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or Auburn; in consequence of which, many families, here called cottiers, were removed to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced with "fainting steps," to go in search of "torrid tracts" and "distant climes."

"This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind, when the following are added; viz. that the character of the village preacher, the above named Henry, (the brother of the poet,) is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his "modest mansion" as it existed. Burn, the name of the village master, and the site of his school-house, and Catharine Giraghty, a lonely widow;

The wretched matron forced in age for bread

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread; (and to this day the brook and ditches, near the spot where her cabin stood, abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and Catharine's children live in the

neighborhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where "nut brown draughts inspired," are still visited as the poetic scene; and the "hawthorn-bush" growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks is now reduced to one: the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honor of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof and the "decent church," which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which "tops the neighboring hill," is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

"I should have observed, that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hand; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters: she was allied to him, and kept a little school."

There were still, however, some great and virtuous characters among the Roman women. Portia, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus, in the conspiracy against Cæsar, shewed herself worthy to be associated with the first of human kind, and trusted with the fate of empires. After the battle of Philippi, she would neither survive liberty nor Brutus, but died with the bold intrepidity of Cato.

The example of Portia was followed by that of Arria, who seeing her husband hesitating and afraid to die, in order to encourage him, pierced her own breast, and delivered to him the dagger with a smile.

Paulina too, the wife of Seneca, caused her veins to be opened at the same time with her husband's; but being forced to live, during the few years which she survived him, "she bore in her countenance," says Tacitus, "the honorable testimony of her love, a paleness, which proved that part of her blood had sympathetically issued with the blood of her spouse."

The same exalted virtues were displayed, though in a different manner, by Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus; who naturally haughty and sensible, after the death of that great man, buried herself in retirement in all the bloom of youth; and who, neither bending her stateliness under Tiberius, nor allowing herself to be corrupted by the manners of her age—as implacable in her hatred to the tyrant, as she had been faithful to her husband—spent her life in lamenting the one, and in detesting the other. Nor should the celebrated Epiniana be forgot, whom Vespasian ought to have admired, but whom he so basely put to death.

#### GRAY THE POET.

The mother of Gray the poet, to whom he was entirely indebted for the excellent education he received, appears to have been a woman of most amiable character; and one whose energy supplied to her child that deficiency, which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned. The following extract from a case submitted by Mrs. Gray to her lawyer, develops the disposition and habits of her husband, in a light not the most favorable, while it awakens no common sympathy for herself.

"That she hath been no charge to the said Philip Gray; and during all the said time, hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop; almost providing every thing for her son whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter House Cambridge.

"Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, the said Philip hath

used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the vilest and most abusive language: that she hath been in the utmost fear of her life, and hath been obliged this last year, to quit his bed and lie with her sister. This she was resolved to bear if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, to be able to assist him in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't."

To the love and courage of a mother, Gray owed his life when a child; she ventured to do what few women are capable of doing, to open a vein with her own hand, and thus removed the paroxysm arising from a fulness of blood, to which it is said all her other children had fallen victims. We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

#### THINGS IN GENERAL.

A most surprising and dreadful occurrence lately took place in one of the provinces of France. A counterfeiter, who had been condemned to be hung, made his escape on the way to the gallows, and took refuge in the hospital. After some search he was found, as was thought, disguised. He was carried off, uttering not a word, but gesticulating vehemently, and executed. It was shortly afterwards discovered that the officers had hung a deaf and dumb brother of the convict, who had resided long in the hospital. The real criminal was recommended to the royal clemency.

In Virginia, 10 or 12 miles from the Ohio river, is a grove of the lofty magnolia, which in the season of flowering fills the wilderness with fragrance for miles round. The leaves exceed 3 feet in length, and are of proportionable width. There are no other trees of the kind within 500 miles. In Florida, the flowers are said to have been smelt at the distance of 50 miles.

Sewing silk of the best quality has been produced in South Berwick, Me., but the mulberry trees are now dead.

Miss Frances Wright, Mr. Owen, junior, of New Harmony, and 6 Osage chiefs have embarked in a vessel from New Orleans for France.

A view of one of the churches in Washington city has been constructed in colored straw, by Mr. Rodier of Georgetown. It is said to be very beautiful.

In New York, the negroes celebrated July 4, as the final cessation of slavery in that state. The procession in the city consisted of about 3600.

**USELESS DOGS.**—The editor of the Lynchburg Press, estimates the useless dogs in Virginia to amount to 188,000; the feeding of which, he says, would support as many hogs of the average value of 5 dollars a head, making 940,000 dollars. Each useless dog, he supposes, in the course of the year, will kill one sheep of the value of 3 dollars, making total loss 564,000. The gain on the one hand and loss saved on the other, by substituting hogs for dogs, amount together to the enormous sum of one million five hundred and four thousand dollars. These calculations are worthy of every man's consideration.

**SINGULAR NOTICE.**—Appended to a notice of the intended celebration of the 4th of July, at a spring near the town of Milton, in North Carolina, we find the following expressive *Nota Bene*:—We have been requested to state that the services of Jacob Thomas and waggon have been engaged to carry home all who may become INTOXICATED on the occasion.

A Military Academy, on the plan of Capt.

Partridge, is about to be established at Pikesville, Md. in the vicinity of the U. S. Arsenal.

Mr. Simeon Brown commenced moving a large three story brick house, forty-six feet deep, in Madison-street, New-York, on the 17th inst. It is to be moved twenty feet. The walls are but eight inches thick, which makes the attempt much more difficult.

As one of the evidences of the great increase of the village of Weedsport, on the New-York Canal, it is stated that "six prisoners were landed there in a single day." This is like the traveller, who meeting a gibbet in a desolate country, exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have at last reached something which bespeaks civilization."

The July number of the North American Review, in an article on the Political Economy of Mr. McCulloch, has the following passage:

"The growth of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, has scattered wealth and plenty through the Genesee Country, and made the wilderness beyond the Ohio and Mississippi to blossom like a rose. It dug the CLINTON CANAL."

In a foot note, the Review adds: "We have little doubt that the state of New York will sooner or later do Mr. Clinton the justice, and itself the honor, of conferring his name on the magnificent work for which we are all so much indebted to him. No individual, perhaps, ever rendered a greater service of an economical kind to any country, than he has done to ours by effecting this canal, which considered merely in its political results, as a new bond of union between the different sections of the republic, would place its author in the first rank of public benefactors."

**A GOOD JOKE.**—We learn by a respectable gentleman from Stanstead, L. C. that the citizens of that place, on Tuesday the 3d instant, raised a pole for the purpose of elevating a flag early the next morning, bearing upon it the figure of the 'British Lion.' All things were put in readiness for raising the flag without delay the next day. The next morning came, but to the utter astonishment of His Majesty's loyal subjects, it was found that a large flag was waving in the air at the top of the pole bearing upon it the American Eagle, which was so fixed that it could not be lowered except by taking down the pole, or by ascending to the top of it. The latter method being adopted, the flag was wrested from its proud eminence and consumed with fire and brimstone by the enraged loyalists. The author of the joke has not been discovered.

**CURIOUS DISCOVERY.**—We learn that a gentleman in Irasburg, in Orleans County, in this state, while ploughing in his field, found what is termed by some an "iron shirt," the body of which is made wholly of iron rings linked into each other about one eighth of an inch in diameter. The collar is made of brass rings so closely interwoven as to be perfectly stiff. The proper name of the garment is undoubtedly a "coat of mail," but how it came in Irasburg is left to conjecture. It was found, as our informant states, under the stump of a tree about two feet over, which has become rotten. We have seen several of the rings, which are made of small wire, and appear to be riveted together. We are told that the U. S. Engineers who are surveying in that region, have procured it, and intend to carry it to New-York.

**MORGAN.**—The Black Rock Gazette mentions that the raking and sweeping of the bottom of the Niagara River, and also in the Lake contiguous to Fort Niagara, on the calculation of finding the body of Morgan, still goes on,

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Desirous of contributing something to the pages of your interesting Gazette, and being unable to send you any thing original, I have made an extract, which I think will be generally acceptable to your readers.

In the hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. at Kirkleatham, (Eng.) amongst other natural and artificial curiosities, is a very singular tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into fire-wood; but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire; the outward part which enclosed it, being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner bole or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner, but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible.

This tree long time witness bear,  
Two true lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which appear to have been the initials of the lovers' names, who seem to have frequented the spot where the tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's conversation, sequestered and unobserved. The following lines, written on the occasion by the late Reverend Thomas Brown, I think calculated for the Ariel—but you may use them as you please.

## THE LOVERS TO THEIR FAVORITE TREE.

Long the wintry tempests braving,  
Still this short inscription keep;  
Still preserve this rude engraving,  
On thy bark imprinted deep:  
This tree long time witness bear,  
Two true-lovers did walk here.

By the softest ties united,  
Love has bound our souls in one;  
And by mutual promise plighted,  
Waits the nuptial rite alone.  
Thou, a faithful witness bear,  
Of our promise plighted here.

Though our sires would gladly sever  
Those firm ties they disallow,  
Yet they cannot part us ever,  
We will keep our faithful vow.  
And in spite of threats severe,  
Still will meet each other here.

While the dusky shade concealing  
Veils the faultless fraud of love,  
We from sleepless pillows stealing,  
Nightly seek the silent grove:  
And escaped from eyes severe  
Dare to meet each other here.

Wealth and titles disregarding  
(Idols of the sordid mind)  
Calm content, true love rewarding,  
Is the bliss we wish to find.  
Thou tree long time witness bear,  
Two such lovers did walk here.

To our faithful love consenting  
Love unchanged by time or tide,  
Could our haughty sires relenting,  
Give the sanction yet denied;  
Midst the scenes to memory dear,  
Still we oft will wander here.

Then our every wish completed,  
Crowned by kinder fates at last,  
All beneath thy shadow seated,  
We will talk of seasons past;  
When by night in silent fear,  
We did meet each other here.

On thy yielding bark, engraving  
Now in short our tender tale,  
Long time's roughest tempest braving,  
Spread thy branches to the gale;  
And, for ages, witness bear,  
Two true lovers did walk here.

THE SEA SERPANT has again made his appearance in a variety of shapes. Certificates and affidavits, duly avouched by common and proper names are multiplying upon the wide-mouthed world. Captain Spiffleton, of the topsail schooner Polly and Barabbas, from East Puzzleburg for Knuckleshaugh, in lat. 97, long. 372, saw a strange animal with a head like a tar-barrel and a tail like an anchor floor, serpentine majestically over the sea's surface at a distance 41 feet three inches and a barley corn. The monster was exactly seventeen furlongs in length from end to end, or from beginning to beginning. Being a phrenologist, the captain particularly noticed the lumps, of which there were eighty-four, in the shape of wool sacks. On discharging a rotten potatoe, the serpent popped under water and was off. The cook's mate, (a very respectable coloured gentleman, well known to the Rev. Mr. Wigsby) who was at that moment frying onions in the caboose house, with his face toward the weather door, testifies also to the foregoing facts.

Another equally authentic relation is given by the master and crew of a Novascotia East Indian, bound on a mackerel voyage to the German Ocean. While off Cape Schaarkro, they boarded the wreck of a large brig, the masts, spars, sails and rigging were all gone. Near the hatchway, which was open, lay several oblong substances resembling large bladders of snuff; these were carefully deposited in the boat. On going aft, one of the men observed written upon the binnacle, this memorandum:—"June 4th, squally—close-reefed foretopsail—at ten P. M. all hands devoured by a sea-serpent—so ends these 24 hours."—While consulting on this strange inscription, a noise was heard below—presently a hog's-head of tobacco was seen slowly rising out of the hold; and as it ascended, two enormous jaws were discovered grasping its nether bilge. The terrified seamen hurried into the boat, and took to their oars. By the time they had rowed off two cables' lengths, the hog's-head reach an altitude of 45 degrees, supported by the black head and shining neck of an enormous creature of the snake species. After arriving at the ship, Capt. Dunderdunk watched the reptile with his glass, and distinctly saw the tobacco fairly engorged. Whereupon a classical passenger from Oxford exclaimed—

*Quidquid in ultum fortunata tulit, ruitura levat.*

The snuff colored spheroids, which are undoubtedly serpent's eggs, have carried to London, where, under the direction of the Royal Society, they are to be hatched during the next sitting of Parliament.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Cooper, author of the Spy, is expected to publish, in the ensuing fall, another novel, entitled the Red Rover of the Sea. We are not informed whether he takes for his hero the outlaw, "whose name was Captain Kid, as he sailed," but a tale of deep interest might be wrought out of the adventures which popular tradition has assigned to him.

Of the New York Mirror and Ladies Literary Gazette, says the Statesman, we take a pride in remarking the improved and enriched appearance of the work. The fourth volume has closed, and the editor has presented us with an elegantly and correctly engraved title page and vignette, and gives us a plate, or wood cut, with every number, at \$4 yearly.

The second part of Mr. Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends will certainly appear in June.

A more extensive work on the same subject entitled the Fairy Mythology, is nearly ready.

The Book Collector's Manual, or a guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books, relating to Great Britain, or printed in that country.

A novel called The Guards, will appear shortly.

Miss Edgeworth has in press a second volume of Dramatic Tales for Children, intended as an additional volume of the Parent's Assistant.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

Night's o'er the world!—in the beautiful skies  
The stars in the azure of ether arise—  
In the blue dome, like an angel of light,  
See the soft moon rises full on the sight.  
O'er the deep forest, slow waving below,  
In brightness and beauty her silver beams glow:  
The stars hover round her, a beautiful train,  
And sweet from the grove comes the nightingale's strain.

But look at that cloud in the welkin on high,  
Full in her pathway its dark shadows lie,  
And as she move's onward, regardless of blight,  
Her beams are half hid in that shadow of night!

Who would have thought that a thing so divine,  
When all came in homage to bow at her shrine,  
Whose smile gave a gladness to woodland and wave,  
And illumined the darkness and gloom of the cave,  
That her glory and brightness so soon would decay,  
And the charm of her beauty thus vanish away?

O! list! there's a pause in the nightingale's strain,  
But now she resumes her soft ditty again,  
But sadder her song, as if mourning the doom  
Of that beautiful planet now shrouded in gloom:  
And hark to the owl! hear its desolate tone,  
Rejoicing, it seems, that her glory is gone;  
And drowns in its screaming soft philomel's tone,  
As darkly it sits in the forest alone.

But look to the Moon!—thro' the shadow she winds,  
Again in the pride of her glory she shines,  
And the stars that all hid in her season of gloom,  
Come brightly around, her gay path to illumine.  
Now hush'd is the scream of the owl again,  
And the nightingale sings to the moon-lighted plain,  
While the Queen of the Night, all triumphant on high,  
Seems scouring the shadows behind her that lie,  
And fairer and brighter she journeys above,  
While the smile of her beauty wakes rapture and love.

SYLVIA.

## DIED,

In Grafton, N. H. Mrs. Eunice Durell, aged 37. On the 18th ult. while about her domestic concerns, she went into the cellar with an earthen bowl to procure some milk, when she struck her foot against a board and fell upon the bowl, which broke in pieces, and a piece of which entered the neck, just above the collar bone, dividing the right jugular vein and carotid artery; and before medical aid could be procured the most of her blood was spilt. She expired on the 20th.

In Pittsford, Vt. Capt. Zachariah Rand, aged 75. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Capt. R. enlisted as a private soldier, in which capacity, and afterwards as a lieutenant in the militia, he served his country in her arduous struggle for independence, about three years. With the same alacrity to support the constituted authorities of his country, did he again repair to her standard, for the suppression of Shay's Insurrection, so called, at which time he commanded a company of militia.

In Madbury, Mr. Israel Tibbetts, aged 50, probably the largest man in America. Notwithstanding his immense weight, which exceeded 450 lbs. he has been several times within the last year to the Portsmouth market.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## THE AGED MINSTREL.

I saw the aged minstrel's form  
Bend o'er his hallow'd lyre;  
He sang of youth and feelings warm  
With age's mellow'd fire.  
He sang of loves which bless'd the boy,  
And hopes forever past,  
But in those strains of mingled joy,  
Too feeling, long to last.  
He sang of one—and o'er the wires  
His trembling hand he swept—  
He sang of one—her gloomy sires,  
And curs'd them as he wept.  
He sang—it was his firewell song  
To music's holy pow'r,  
The grateful charm which pleas'd the throng  
In his more happy hour.  
The lyre was hush'd—he wept and said,  
“None e'er shall wake thy strain,  
For none thy magic charm can shed,  
Or touch thy notes again.”  
The minstrel's gone—his stringless lyre  
Hangs in his lonely hall—  
His voice is hush'd—and quench'd his fire,  
And past his spirit's fall.

St. Clairsville, Ohio.

G. W. T.

The editor of the ARIEL will oblige a subscriber by giving a place to this *old*, but interesting poetic essay.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain  
Just as the setting sun's last ray  
Tipt with refulgent gold, the vane  
Of the old church across the way.  
Across the way I silent sped,  
The time till supper to beguile,  
In moralising o'er the dead  
That mouldered round the ancient pile.  
There many an humble green grave showed  
Where want and pain and toil did rest;  
And many a flattering stone I viewed  
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.  
A faded beach, its shadow brown,  
Threw o'er the grave where sorrow slept,  
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,  
Two ragged children sat and wept.  
A piece of bread between them lay,  
Which neither seemed inclined to take;  
And yet they looked so much a prey  
To want—it made my heart to ache.  
“My little children, let me know  
Why you in such distress appear,  
And why you wasteful from you throw  
That bread which many a heart would cheer.”  
The little boy, in accents sweet,  
Replied, while tears each other chased,  
“Lady, we've not enough to eat;  
And if we had, we would not waste.  
But sister Mary's naughty grown,  
And will not mind what'er I say;  
Yet sure I am, the bread's her own,  
And she has tasted none to day.”  
“Indeed,” the wan starved Mary said,  
“Till Henry eats I'll eat no more,  
For yesterday I got some bread,  
He's had none since the day before.”  
My heart did swell, my bosom heaved,  
I felt as though devoid of speech;  
I silent sat upon the grave,  
And took a clay-cold hand of each.  
With looks that told a tale of woe;  
With looks that spoke a grateful heart;  
The shivering boy did near me draw,  
And thus his tale of woe impart:  
“Before my father went away,  
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,  
Sister and I did nought but play—  
We sat beside yon great ash tree:  
And then poor mother did so cry,  
And look'd so changed I cannot tell;  
She told us that she soon should die,  
And bade us love each other well.  
She said that when the war was o'er,  
Perhaps we might our father see;  
But if we never saw him more,  
That God our father then would be.

She kiss'd us both and then she died,  
And we no more a mother have—  
And many a day we sat and cried  
Together on poor mother's grave.  
And when our father came not here,  
We thought if we could find the sea,  
We would be sure to meet him there,  
And once again might happy be.  
We, hand in hand, went many a mile,  
And asked our way of all we met—  
And some did sigh and some did smile,  
And we of some did victuals get.  
But when we reach'd the sea and found  
'Twas one great water round us spread—  
We thought that father must be drowned,  
And cried and wish'd we both were dead.  
So we returned to mother's grave,  
And only long with her to be,  
For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
Said father died beyond the sea.  
Then, since no father have we here,  
We'll go and seek for God around;  
Lady, pray, can you tell us where  
This God, our father, may be found?  
He lives in heaven, our mother said,  
And Goody says that mother's there;  
So if she thinks we want his aid,  
I think perhaps she'll send him here.”  
I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,  
And cried, “come both and live with me,  
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,  
And will a second Mother be—  
And God will be your father still;  
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,  
To teach you to obey his will—  
Your steps to guide, your heart to cheer.

## ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

On crowning his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,  
Unfolds her tender mantle green,  
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,  
Or tunes Eolian strains between;  
While Summer, with a matron grace,  
Retreats to Dryburg's cooling shade;  
Yet, oft delighted, stops to trace  
The progress of the spiky blade:  
While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
By Tweed erects his aged head,  
And sees with self-approving mind,  
Each creature on his bounty fed:  
While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows:  
So long, sweet Poet of the year,  
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;  
While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

## HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Poins, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

An Irish drummer, whose round and rosy cheek gave notice that he now and then indulged in a noggin of right good potten, was accosted by the inspecting general, “What makes your face so red, sir?” “Please your honor,” replied he of the drum, “I always blushes when I speaks to a general officer.”

A gentleman on his way from Boston to Vermont, stopped at a tavern where he met an inquisitive fellow, who said to him, “where have you come from, if I may be so bold?” Not bold at all, I came from Boston. Where are you going, if I may be so bold? I am going to Vermont. Who are you going to see there, if I may be so bold? I am going to see the widow M—. Are you a married man, if I may be so bold? I am a widower. Are you going to marry the widow M—, if I may be so bold? That's too bold!

A regular physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. “Not so

trifling neither,” replied the quack, “for to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills.”

“Who,” said a lover of light reading to a literary friend of ours—“who is this Mr. Anon whose name is attached to such a variety of clever articles in the newspapers?” “His birth-place and parentage are more than I can tell you,” was the grave reply; “but one thing I know, that he is nearly allied to Mr. Ibid, a gentleman of equal celebrity.” “Ibid! his works are quite familiar to me. Such men are worthy of each other—Ibid and Anon are both fellows of talent!”

A dancer said to a Spartan, “You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can.” “Perhaps not,” said the Spartan, “but my goose can.”

## AN OLIO.

Have you dined?” said a loungee to his friend. “I have, upon my honor,” replied he. “Then,” replied the first, “if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made a scanty meal!”

HEALTH.—Those who husband their health to the prejudice of their duty, deserve it not.

Invectives against marriage are a reflection upon the laws and good order of society, and upon a man's own ancestors.

WEALTH.—The consideration of the small addition often made by wealth to the happiness of the possessor, may check this desire and prevent that insatiability which sometimes attends it.

EMPLOYMENT.—Men may find matter sufficient to busy their heads and employ their hands with variety, delight and satisfaction, if they will not boldly quarrel with their own constitutions, and throw away the blessings their hands are filled with, because they are not big enough to grasp every thing.

He that has taken a view of the present age, has seen as much as if he began with the world and gone to the end of it, for things in all ages are of a kind and of a color.

## IRISH EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of John Mound,  
Lost at sea, and never was found.

SNOW.—It is fourteen years since the last snow fell in Lisbon. Dr. H. was in his chaise when it began; the driver leaped off—“you may get home how you can,” said he, “as for my part I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last”—and away he ran into the next church.

WIT.—Wit, without knowledge, is a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath is only fit to be thrown to the hogs.

A Roman Emperor did not enjoy the luxuries of an English washerwoman. She breakfasts upon tea from the East Indies, and upon sugar from the West.

## EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Approach, ye wise of soul, with awe divine—  
’Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!  
That sun of knowledge whose meridian ray  
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!  
That soul of science—that unbounded mind—  
That genius which ennobled human kind;  
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride;  
And half esteem'd an angel—till he died;  
Who, in the eye of Heaven, like Enoch stood,  
And through the paths of knowledge walk'd with God;  
Whose fame extends—a sea without a shore!  
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

## TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK.

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,  
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,  
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favorite pass'd,  
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last.  
While Shakspeare's image from its hallow'd base,  
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place—  
Nor these—nor all the sad regrets that flow,  
From fond fidelity's domestic woe.  
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—  
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

## WHAT A SATIRE SHOULD BE.

The satire should be like the porcupine,  
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,  
And wound the blushing cheek and fiery eye,  
Of him that hears and readeth guiltily.